

UTTOXETER GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL CHRONICLE

No. 34

"Non uni sed omnibus"

DECEMBER 1960

President: Miss Ross.

Committee: MRS. QUICK, MISS RICE, ANN CHAPMAN.

EDITORIAL

WHEN we came to study the School Calendar in order to write this editorial, we were surprised to see how many outings, entertainments and other diversions we had had during the last school year. We have benefited from them all and have found time to work hard as well.

Some of the visits made by the school have become almost traditional: the Senior School saw a French film; girls went to Denstone College's annual Shakespeare production; Bournville's processes were investigated and Dovedale explored.

More interesting to read about, perhaps, are the new departures in extra-school life. For the first time the Sixth Form took part in a Student Christian Movement Conference at Stafford and it was a most rewarding experience. During the morning before she presented the senior prizes Miss Casswell showed the Second Form girls some slides of Australia and spoke to them about life out there. Various members of the school had opportunities of extending their knowledge of folk song and dance, of light opera and of instrumental music. Most wonderful of all was the taking part in the singing of "The St. Matthew Passion", and we hope that we shall be able to go to Wolverhampton again this year.

During the Easter holiday a school party, in the care of Miss Hutchinson, Miss Malcolm and Mr. Harbron, went to Paris and found that that wonderful city fulfilled all their expectations, except that walking about its streets proved just as tiring as on mere English pavements.

The Senior School Prizegiving was held on November 6th under the kindly chairmanship of Mr. Mellor, and we should like to thank Miss Casswell for coming to speak to us. At the Junior School Prizegiving our neighbour, the Rev. P. G. Hardy, gave the address and Mrs. Hardy distributed the prizes. We thank them, too.

Considering all these useful and interesting talks and visits, we think that the school ought to be very knowledgeable and cultured. We have had a full, happy and hardworking year, and we hope that this new year will be just as valuable. ANN CHAPMAN.

MR. E. M. MELLOR

It was with great regret that we heard of Mr. Mellor's death on 12th January, 1961. He was a Governor of the school for more than thirty years and became Chairman in 1946. There was no detail of school life too small for his consideration; he was never too busy to listen and to give wise advice. He was deeply interested in the welfare of young people and his lively mind was always ready to see their point of view and to accept new ideas. His kindness, generosity and courtly manner, his love of travel, his desire to master foreign languages and his admiration of Dr. Johnson will long be remembered. He gave a life-time of service to the town of Utttoxeter. He was in the truest sense a good citizen.

M. Ross.

STAFF NEWS

The new school year has again seen several changes in staff. At the end of the summer term Miss Poole, Mrs. Sharples and Mrs. Sargeant left us, the two former to posts near their homes in Wolverhampton and Worsley respectively, while Miss Belcher and Miss Escott both left to be married. To all of these we wish good fortune.

We offer a welcome to all new members of staff. Miss Southerton has come to teach French, Miss Higgins Music, Miss Jefferies General Subjects, Miss Best to assist in the English department, and Mrs. Webster is in charge of Physical Training. Mlle. Vincent is now French Assistante in place of Mlle. Cance. We give our good wishes to Mrs. Goodwin, who was married in April, and are glad she is still one of us.

SCHOOL EVENTS

1959 - 60

AUTUMN TERM

Student Christian Movement Conference for Sixth Form pupils — King Edward VIth School, Stafford.

Form 1b visited Mr. Sutton's farm, at Somersal.

French film "Le Salaire de la Peur" seen by all the Senior School. The Sixth Form girls went to Stafford to see a performance of "L'Avare" by La Troupe Française.

Form 1A visited Mr. Boden's farm.

Senior Prizegiving — interesting talk by Miss W. M. Casswell, B.Sc., M.A., formerly Headmistress of Edgbaston High School.

A few girls attended a recital given to the boys of Alleyne's Grammar School by Henry Holst (violin) and Frank Merrick (piano).

Recital of French and British Folk Songs — with mime — given by Miss Peggy Stack.

Some junior girls attended a performance of "The Pirates of Penzance" at Abbotsholme School.

Girls of the Sixth and Fourth Forms went to the Festival of Folk Dance and Song at the Central Hall, Birmingham.

Mr. Copeland showed the girls the film of Spode Works.

The Hygiene and Physiology group of the Sixth Form visited the Sewage Purification Works.

A party of Senior Girls saw "Much Ado About Nothing" at Denstone College.

1st and 2nd Forms' Party, organised by the Sixth Forms.

3rd and 4th Forms' Party, organised by 4M.

Red Gables Party.

High School and Alleyne's Grammar School Prefects' Party.

Carol Service in the Parish Church.

SPRING TERM

Large party of Seniors saw the Burton Shakespeare Society's presentation of "The Merry Wives of Windsor".

All but the 1st Years saw the French film "Vive Monsieur Blaireau".

Talk to the Seniors on "The Beauty and Necessity of Modern Art" by Mr. Prins.

Some girls visited Wembley to see the England and Germany Women's Hockey match.

Thirty-three girls took part in the singing of the "St. Matthew Passion" in Wolverhampton.

Fifth Forms visited Bournville.

Gymnastics Competition, adjudicated by Miss Graham, Vice-Principal of Bedford College of Physical Education.

House Netball Matches.

House Hockey Matches.

Sixth Form girls saw "Henry IV, part 2" at Birmingham Repertory Theatre.

World Refugee Year — Service in the Parish Church.

Fifth Form girls saw "Henry IV, part 1" at Birmingham.

Staff v. Sixth Form Hockey Match.

Vacation visit to Paris.

SUMMER TERM

Talk on Careers — Senior girls.

Celebration of School Birthday. Address given by the Rev. C. C. W. Trendell, Vicar of Doveridge.

Beck House visited Biddulph Orthopaedic Hospital.

Art Club members visited Art Exhibition, Stafford.

Staff v. Sixth Form Tennis Match.

Expedition to Dovedale.

Sixth Form visit to St. George's Hospital, Stafford.

House Tennis Matches and Singles and Doubles Finals.

PREFECTS

1960-61

HEAD GIRL: Jennifer Brown.

DEPUTY HEAD GIRL: Jean Ryder.

Ann Chapman, Jennifer Critchlow, Caren Eaton, Isabel Harrison,
Ann James, Bronwen Jones, Helen Lacy, Grace Plant, Helen
Robinson, Margaret Tatlow, Gillian Waring, Celia Webb,
Rosamund Whittaker.

NORTHERN UNIVERSITIES' JOINT MATRICULATION BOARD

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, 1960

ADVANCED:

Ann Pointon (English, Geography).
Linda Wallis (English, French).
Gwendoline Whitwham (Geography).
Mary Woodward (Geography, Art).

ORDINARY:

5M: Iris Allan, Patricia Ball, Sylvia Ball, Tess Barrett, Brenda
Bridden, Dorothy Cartwright, Lesley Glover, Sandra
Hadfield, Dianne Harrison, Rosalind Heath, Pamela Holmes,
Anne Jenkinson, Barbara Kirkman, Elizabeth Knight, Joan
Mackie, Jennifer Malbon, Julia Massey, Jillian Matthews,
Barbara Morton, Carol Punchard, Diana Ratcliffe, Elaine
Ratcliffe, Rosemary Rouse, Susan Sherratt, Joan Swift, Patricia
Turland, Gillian Walker, Rita Warren.

5D: Doreen Archer, Margaret Baddeley, Sheila Ball, Sandra
Birns, Dorothy Brown, Rosemary Carr, Eunice Durose,
Veronica Hall, Elizabeth Harrison, Josephine Heath, Ruth
Hopkinson, Kathleen Johnson, Valerie McClure, Sheila
McNicholl, Sylvia Marsh, June Pointon, Brenda Pyatt,
Margaret Rayson, Allison Ryder, Gillian Smith, Denise Wallis,
Barbara West.

RED GABLES, 1959-60

Three new girls came to us as members of the First Form at the beginning of the Autumn Term, and two more girls joined us later, making our number twenty.

It was decided that parents' meetings should be held at Red Gables once every term to give the parents opportunity to discuss with Miss Ross and Miss Evans matters of particular interest to the boarders.

Tess Barrett was appointed Head Girl, as the parents thought that one was necessary even in the absence of any Sixth Form girls from the house.

The Christmas Party was held at the end of the Autumn Term, and was organised by the five members of the Fifth Form. All the girls worked hard to produce a short play for the pleasure of the guests, who afterwards congratulated us on the great success of the party.

A new set of records was purchased for us by Miss Evans, and a television set was installed, but no outings were organised for the whole House owing chiefly to the fact that there was no Sixth Form.

At the end of the Summer Term, Elaine Halldron, Beryl Wynne and Lesley Glover left us to go to day schools in their own districts, and Rita Warren also left. Rita has entered Wolverhampton College of Technology.

COLLECTIONS

	£	s.	d.
Poppy Day Collection, 1959	7	0	0
Carol Service — World Refugees	9	13	6
School Birthday — British Empire Cancer Campaign	4	4	0
World Refugee Year	13	10	0

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Kathleen and Edna Fallows — Two trees.

Grace Ball—Long-playing Record: "Dickens" by Emlyn Williams.

Miss Belcher—Long-playing Record: Bach, Brandenburg Concertos 1, 3, 6.

Miss Escott—Music Dictionary.

Carole Buxton — Books: Devon and Cornwall in Colour; The Cotswolds in Colour; The English Lakeland in Colour.

GAMES REPORT, 1959-60

Teams

Hockey

	1st XI	2nd XI	Under 15 XI
Goal - - -	J. Mackie	J. Toy	B. Wynne
R. Back - - -	S. Hadfield	B. Bridden	G. Hardwick
L. Back - - -	B. West	L. Glover	J. Williams
R. Half - - -	A. Pointon (Capt.)	J. Bloor	M. Leason
C. Half - - -	R. Whittaker	A. James (Capt.)	H. Harris
L. Half - - -	P. Broadhurst	J. Swift	M. Keates
R. Wing - - -	C. Reeves	J. Critchlow	R. Coxon
R. Inner - - -	E. Knight	B. Morton	S. Williamson
C. Forward - -	G. Whitwham	D. Ratcliffe	P. Clarke
L. Inner - - -	S. Ball	B. Kirkman	S. Foster
L. Wing - - -	P. Ball	G. Prince	C. Goodall
Reserves - - -		J. Hollins, E. Bell, G. Wheat	

Netball

	Under 15 VII	Under 14 VII
Shooter - - -	P. Clarke	E. Hofman
Attack - - -	G. Hardwick	M. Alexander
A. Centre - - -	V. Jones	G. Haynes
Centre - - -	S. Tipper, J. Toy	S. Grocott
D. Centre - - -	Y. Burton	R. Farnsworth
Defence - - -	E. Bailey	C. Steele
Goalkeeper - - -	P. Wall (Capt.)	J. Clay (Capt.)
Reserves - - -	J. Chadwick	J. Eales, J. Braime

Tennis

1st VI

1st Couple	2nd Couple	3rd Couple	Reserves
G. Whitwham (Capt.)	R. Whittaker or P. Ball	P. Ball or M. Keates	J. Bloor
B. Morton	S. Ball	P. Clarke	C. Reeves

Rounders

	1st IX	Under 15 IX	Under 14 IX
Bowler - - -	N. Harris	G. Wheat	B. Handley (Capt.)
Backstop - - -	B. West	E. Bell (Capt.)	J. Braime
1st Post - - -	D. Ratcliffe	J. Tortoisshell	G. Haynes
2nd Post - - -	C. Reeves	G. Hardwick	D. Deakin
3rd Post - - -	S. Tipper	P. Stewart	D. Barrett
4th Post - - -	A. James	M. Deakin	S. Danks
1st Deep - - -	B. Wynne	S. Heath	C. Steele
2nd Deep - - -	P. Wall (Capt.)	S. Grocott	A. Bloor
3rd Deep - - -	J. Mackie	M. Leason	G. Whitehurst
Reserves - - -	G. Prince	J. Hollins	J. Clay
	J. Chadwick	R. Collier	A. Parrington

Match Results**Hockey**

1959

19 Sept.	Westwood Hall, Leek (H) ...	1st XI	Won 1-0
		2nd XI	Drew 1-1
26 Sept.	Homelands School, Derby (H)	1st XI	Cancelled
		2nd XI	Won 3-0
		U.15 XI	Lost 0-2
10 Oct.	Rugeley Grammar School (H)	1st XI	Won 2-1
		U.15 XI	Lost 0-1
24 Oct.	Stafford High School (H) ...	1st XI	Won 3-0
14 Nov.	{ Burton High School (H) ...		Cancelled
	{ U.15 XI County Tournament		
21 Nov.	Burton Technical School (A)...	1st XI	Drew 1-1
		U.15 XI	Lost 1-8
28 Nov.	Alleyne's G.S., Stone (H) ...		Cancelled
5 Dec.	Q.E.G.S., Ashbourne (A) ...	1st XI	Lost 1-4
		2nd XI	Lost 0-4
12 Dec.	High School, Wolverhampton	1st XI	Lost 1-6
	(A)	2nd XI	Lost 1-3
		U.15 XI	Cancelled

1960					
16 Jan.	Westwood Hall, Leek (A)	...			Cancelled
23 Jan.	Orme Girls' School (A)	...			Cancelled
30 Jan.	Homelands School, Derby (A)	...			Cancelled
6 Feb.	Q.E.G.S., Ashbourne (H)	...	1st XI	Won 6-1	
			2nd XI	Lost 1-2	
20 Feb.	Burton High School (A)	...			Cancelled
5 Mar.	County Tournament.				
12 Mar.	Wembley.				
19 Mar.	Alleyne's G.S., Stone (A)	...	U.15 XI	Cancelled	

Netball

1959					
5 Dec.	Q.E.G.S., Ashbourne (A)	...	U.14 VII	Lost 9-21	
12 Dec.	High Sch., Wolverhampton (A)	...	U.14 VII	Lost 4-18	
1960					
16 Jan.	Westwood Hall, Leek (A)	...			Cancelled
23 Jan.	Orme Girls' School (A)	...			Cancelled
6 Feb.	Q.E.G.S., Ashbourne (H)	...	U.14 VII	Lost 5-15	

Tennis

1960					
7 May	Alleyne's G.S., Stone (A)	...	1st VI	Won 50-31	
21 May	Burton High School (A)	...	1st VI	Won 51-48	
25 June	Q.E.G.S., Ashbourne (A)	...	1st VI	Won 48-33	
2 July	Westwood Hall, Leek (H)	...	1st VI	Cancelled	
9 July	Orme Girls' School (H)	...	1st VI	Lost 36-45	
16 July	Burton Technical H. School (A)	...	1st VI	Won 62-37	

Rounders

1960					
7 May	Alleyne's G.S., Stone (A)	...	U.15 IX	Lost 1-3	
21 May	Burton High School (A)	...	U.15 IX	Lost 0-6½	
			U.14 IX	Won 3-½	
2 July	Westwood Hall, Leek (H)	...		Cancelled	
9 July	Orme Girls' School (H)	...	1st IX	Cancelled	
			U.15 IX	Lost 3-8	
			U.14 IX	Won 6½-2	
16 July	Burton Technical H. School (A)	...	1st IX	Won by	
			U.15 IX	innings	

Deportment

The following girls were awarded badges:

SENIOR: S. Deaville.

MIDDLE: M. Stevenson, S. Brown, C. Goodall, R. Mosley.

JUNIOR: J. Spencer, P. Bird, J. Clay, E. Barker, P. Barnett, S. Williams, H. Statham, A. Bloor.

Netball

	Under 15 VII	Under 14 VII
Shooter - - -	P. Clarke	E. Hofman
Attack - - -	G. Hardwick	M. Alexander
A. Centre - - -	V. Jones	G. Haynes
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Defence - - -	E. Bailey	C. Steele
Goalkeeper - - -	P. Wall (Capt.)	J. Clay (Capt.)
Reserves - - -	J. Chadwick	J. Eales, J. Braime

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1st VI

1st Couple	2nd Couple	3rd Couple	Reserves
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Spring Term Miss Belcher suggested a Folk Dance party as a new means of raising money. This was held in the School Hall on Saturday, 13th February, and it proved to be very successful. We paid our annual visit to Biddulph Grange in the Summer Term, accompanied by Miss Bullock and Miss Belcher.

In sporting events we have not done very well, although there was a slight improvement on last year's results. We were placed third in the hockey event, fourth in netball, and third in the Gym. Competition. During the Summer Term we were first in tennis, winning the first cup we have held for many years, fourth in the sports and fifth in rounders. The Junior Sports Cup was won by Marjorie Alexander, a Beck girl.

We were very sorry to have to say goodbye to Miss Belcher and Miss Escott who are leaving to be married.

Beck House girls worked hard this year, both for their House Charity and in competitive events. I wish them every success in the future.

GAIL HEALY (*House Captain*).

Budgen

At the beginning of the year we welcomed Miss Thomas and Mrs. Sharples to the House.

The £17 3s. 6d. raised for the Staffordshire Association for the Welfare of the Blind by various efforts and a whist drive was an improvement on last year's total. With a greater effort, however, Budgen House would be able to contribute a considerably larger amount to this deserving charity.

Hockey and Gymnastics proved disappointing for although those taking part tried very hard we were placed fourth in each event. The netball team was rewarded for its hard work and enthusiasm when we came first in that competition. We also won the Rounders cup, but owing to a shortage of seniors in the House, we did badly in tennis, being placed only fourth, and in the Sports, although there, thanks to the actual number of competitors, we moved from fifth to third in the final order.

Budgen has worked hard on the whole this year and has improved a little. With continued effort the House should be able to be even more successful. Keep trying, Budgen, and the best of luck!

OLGA WARD (*House Captain*).

Dunkley

On Miss Lea's retirement last year, the members of Dunkley House were pleased to welcome Mrs. Mayer as senior House Mistress. We also welcome Miss Malcolm.

With the change in House Mistress we decided to change also our House Charity. We now support the Save the Children Fund, thereby helping refugee children. The annual Sale of Work at Christmas raised £30 for this good cause, through the hard work of the House Staff and girls.

Most of our activities in the Spring and Summer Terms were connected with games. We won the hockey cup but were again unsuccessful in the netball matches and the Gym. Competition, although in the latter our junior girls worked very hard. The rounders team shared second place with two other houses, and we were second also in tennis, losing the cup which we had been pleased to hold for a year. On Sports Day we came fifth in the final placings but had successes in the junior and senior relay races.

During the Easter holidays, Miss White, one of our House Mistresses, was married and we gave her a cut-glass bowl as a symbol of our good wishes. Miss Poole has left us to take up a teaching post near her home in Wolverhampton, and we are very sorry to lose such an active member of our staff.

GWEN WHITWHAM (*House Captain*).

Powell

After saying goodbye to Miss Ewan and Mrs. Hills at the end of last year, we were pleased to welcome Mrs. Quick as a new House Mistress, and also, for this year, Mlle. Cance, our French Assistante.

This year has not been one of outstanding success in the field of sport, although members of the House have been co-operative and have worked hard in order to try to raise the standard of our various teams. The House juniors are to be congratulated on winning the Gym. Competition for the second year running. Their performance proved their enthusiasm for their House, and Linda Wallis, the Games Captain, helped them with her clear commands. We did badly in hockey, netball and tennis, but were placed second in rounders and on Sports Day. With more entries in the preliminary heats, Powell might, next year, be successful in winning the Sports Cup. I do ask members of the House to try for as many events as possible! Pamela Wall won the Middle School championship, and we congratulate her most heartily.

The House Charity has been well supported, and at the end of the Christmas Term we were able to send a total of £41 to Dr. Barnardo's Homes. This sum was realised from the annual Christmas Tree collections and the box collections, and was the result of a united effort by all members of the House.

In conclusion, I should like to wish Powell House success in the coming year, and to urge all members to do their best to put more yellow ribbons on the cups in the dining room.

MARY WOODWARD (*House Captain*).

Individual Achievement

GAMES COLOURS:

Hockey—A. Pointon, S. Ball, S. Hadfield, C. Reeves, R. Whittaker.

Netball—P. Wall, P. Clarke.

Rounders—E. Bell, S. Grocott, M. Leason.

Tennis—G. Whitwham, S. Ball.

ATHLETICS CUPS:

Junior Champion—M. Alexander.

Middle Champion—P. Wall.

Senior Champion—C. Reeves.

TENNIS CUPS:

Singles Champion—S. Ball.

Doubles Champions—G. Whitwham, B. Morton.

JUNE BODEN CUP for All-Round Achievement: Sylvia Ball.

HOUSE REPORTS

Balfour

This year Balfour welcomes Mr. Harbron as new House master.

The girls of Balfour must be congratulated on maintaining a high standard in all sports events. We came third in tennis, second in hockey, gym., netball and rounders, and first in the athletic sports. The girls representing the House worked very hard, showing great enthusiasm and spirit.

The sum of £40 was handed to the secretary of the Lifeboat Association. For part of this money we must thank those who braved the weather and went carol singing. Money was also raised by a Christmas postal service and by the selling of cakes and biscuits. Again all worked with unity.

I feel that we owe much to Miss Taylor, Miss Evans, Miss Hutchinson and Mr. Harbron who have encouraged us on every possible occasion.

Well done, Balfour!

PATRICIA BROADHURST (*House Captain*).

Beck

At the beginning of the Autumn Term we were pleased to welcome Miss Escott to the House.

The main business of that term was raising money and making toys for Biddulph and we were very pleased with the large number of them that Matron was able to collect at the end of term. In the

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MARY WOODWARD (*House Captain*).

Position of Houses

	<i>Balfour</i>	<i>Beck</i>	<i>Budgen</i>	<i>Dunkley</i>	<i>Powell</i>
Hockey	2	3	4	1	5
Rounders	2	5	1	2	2
Netball	2	4	1	2	5
Tennis	3	1	5	2	4
Deportment	4	2	1	5	2
Gym Competition	2	3	4	5	1

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

During October the VIth Form attended a half-day conference at the King Edward VI School, Stafford, which was organized by a representative of the Student Christian Movement. The subject introduced by the Principal of Lichfield Theological College was concerned with the impact of Christian belief on daily life. After a break for tea, members of the conference divided into groups for the purpose of discussion. Those who attended the conference have decided that they would like to form an S.C.M. group in school, and at the time of going to press a general meeting has been held with the permission of Miss Ross.

C.E.W.C.

On Friday, November 11th, 1960, a party of Sixth Form girls, accompanied by Miss Thomas and Mr. Harbron, attended a meeting of the Council for Education in World Citizenship held at the Orme Girls' School, Newcastle. The meeting was addressed by Harold Davies, M.P., who gave a very interesting talk, entitled 'The Far East', illustrated by a film.

As an introduction Mr. Davies described how the various civilizations from China and India merge in the countries of S.E. Asia. This integration is seen in the culture, religions and dress of the people.

The film showed some aspects of life in the Philippine Islands, Laos and South Vietnam. It illustrated the great contrast between rich and poor, between the ancient agricultural way of life and the influence of western culture or of modern military régimes. In the film, the importance and influence of the predominant Buddhist faith was emphasized by the many ornate temples and the monks in bright, saffron-coloured robes.

The part of the film which was taken in Laos, a country at present divided by internal revolutions, showed scenes of refugee camps, where many thousands of people live in squalid surroundings, with a few miserable possessions. This way of life was

contrasted with that of the students at the University of Saigon, the capital of South Vietnam, and a city in which the influence of the French colonists is still evident.

The ancient culture of the Khmer civilization was shown in the beautiful temples at Angkor Wat, in Cambodia, which is considered to be one of the wonders of the world.

The meeting was enjoyed for the stimulus of contact with other schools, as well as for insight into the lives of a people whose culture is so different from ours.

J. MALBON.
S. SHERRATT.

1st UTTOXETER GIRL GUIDE COMPANY

There have been several changes in the Company this year. In the Autumn Term Miss Escott became our Lieutenant and Mrs. Yates, our District Commissioner, became our Captain until the Spring Term when Miss Thomas took her place. At the end of the year we were all very sorry to say good-bye to Miss Escott and to Olga Ward, our Second Lieutenant.

A large number of younger girls joined the company in the Autumn and Spring Terms so it was decided to form a new patrol, "Scarlet Pimpernel", and because the patrols were still large at the end of the year we decided to form a sixth patrol, "Orchid".

A District Camp-Fire was held at the Annual General Meeting of the Local Association, where we performed a Maori Stick Dance.

It was Jubilee Year, so the Guides of the District celebrated Thinking Day with a party. In June we attended The County Jubilee Rally held at Walsall where four Guides from the Company took part in a Keep-Fit Display.

Several of our Guides attended the Empire Youth Service at Lichfield and the Company took part in parades on Remembrance Sunday, Civic Sunday and St. George's Day.

Although we did not have a Company Camp this year, many of the company were able to go to camp. Seven of us were fortunate enough to go to Beaudesert to attend the County Jubilee Camp which was attended by Guides from Italy, Sweden, Canada and other Commonwealth Countries, as well as by Guides from Staffordshire. Six of us were invited by Miss Poole to attend her camp which was held near New Quay in Wales, and several others attended a District Camp at Sudbury.

All the Guides have worked very hard, and a number of Proficiency Badges have been gained. Some Guides have become Pack Leaders and one has helped with Cubs. Joan Mackie has brought honour to the Company by becoming a Queen's Guide,

the first in the District. This entails passing a series of tests in many fields of Guiding activities and is the highest standard that a Guide can attain. We congratulate her.

The Company would like to thank all who made our wonderful camps possible, all the Badge testers for giving their time and interest, and everyone who has assisted us during the year.

B. DULSON; M. DEAKIN.

UTTOXETER GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL PARENTS' GUILD

Secretary's report on the programme arranged for the year 1959-60.

President: Miss E. M. ROSS, B.A., J.P.

Chairman:
MR. H. J. RYDER.

Deputy Chairman:
MR. J. S. PHILLIPS.

Secretary/Treasurer: MR. W. JONES.

Committee:

Mrs. E. M. Quick, B.A. and Miss G. E. Thomas, B.Sc. (*Staff*).
Mrs. A. Whittaker (*Guild representative to School Governors*).
Mrs. E. Gilbert, Mrs. A. Stevenson, Mrs. J. Finnikin, Mrs. D. K. Morgan, Mr. T. L. Coxon, Mr. A. J. Mackie, Mr. H. W. Pitt, Mr. J. J. Chapman, Mr. H. H. Edwards (*representative of Boarders*).

Guild membership has now reached a figure of 240, the highest in fourteen years.

On Wednesday evening, 25th November, 1959, Miss G. E. Thomas, B.Sc., a member of the High School Staff gave an excellent illustrated talk entitled 'Roaming Round New Zealand'. It was a most successful and well attended meeting despite the pouring rain. May I remind members that Miss Thomas taught in New Zealand and willingly volunteered at our first committee meeting on 4th November, to give this lecture to the Guild? I have extended thanks to the speaker on behalf of the Guild.

On 13th November, 1959, I wrote to Sir John Wedgwood requesting him as a guest speaker for the spring meeting on 9th March, 1960. He kindly consented and we heard a brilliant double lecture—(a) 'The Making of Wedgwood' (a coloured film on Wedgwood China) and (b) 'My Observations in America' (following on three visits). A large audience of 150 parents and friends were delighted with the interesting and beautiful film shots taken at Barlaston, and with Sir John's observant remarks on the American way of life compared and contrasted with our own in Britain. Mr. H. J. Ryder proposed the appropriate vote of thanks to the speaker and Mr. J. S. Phillips seconded our Chairman's

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remarks. We are grateful to Miss O. Taylor for operating the school ciné projector for this lecture, and to the staff and girls in charge of refreshments for both lectures.

Twenty-nine members visited Derby Playhouse on Wednesday, 13th July, to see 'A Likely Tale' by Gerald Savory. We enjoyed a most pleasant evening's entertainment despite the raging rainstorm outside. There was no mishap with the stage safety curtain on this occasion—the backstage machinery was most efficient and we appreciated the comedy.

Your elected members attended both the committee meetings which were convened for Guild business, and they are to be congratulated on providing the Guild with a successful year's programme.

The Annual General Meeting was arranged for Wednesday evening 19th October, 1960, and the Financial Statement showed a balance in hand of £16 9s. 8d.

Matters and proposals to be resolved included:—

1. Provision of a table lectern for visiting speakers.
2. Election of five new committee members.
3. Election of Chairman (Mr. Ryder retired under Clause 4 of Rules).
4. Award of two courtesy prizes from the Parents' Guild for 1960-61.

The success of the Guild and the furtherance of its progressive work rests with your continued support as paid-up members. Thanks for your past help, support and attendance at all meetings.

WILLIAM JONES, *Hon. Secretary/Treasurer.*

NIGHT TIME IN JUNE

(from the French of Victor Hugo)

In summer, when the daylight slips away,
And o'er the flowery plain sweet perfumes creep,
I, half a-dream, my ears alert alway
To softest sounds, lie in a light sweet sleep.

The shadows seem so dark, the stars so bright;
A frail yet constant light gleams in the sky;
And, wand'ring in the heavens all through the night,
The dawn, peaceful and pale, is ever nigh.

BARBARA KIRKMAN, L.VI.

FLOODWIND

The wood heaves bare branches against the clouds veiling the pale stars, and the moon peers wanly through gauze-gaps in the restless black cloud masses. Flood water gleams and glints as the wind rips through the wavelets lapping the sodden grassland, setting them slapping the tree roots, greasy black and rotten, writhing into the mud.

Now clouds cover the moon, harried by the icy wind which cuts them to tattered strings and ragged pennants, then whirls them together in a darkening cloak, and the floodwater darkens into one black mass, earth and grass and water together, smudged by deeper shades, neither earth nor water — trees, perhaps, or treacherous mud-filled hollows. Only the wood shows above the dim land, a rustling, tossing, creaking mass, with one stiff ash tree hoisting itself high to the sky, rotten and crumbling.

There is a pigeon lying in that wood, its wings twisted across its back, its long feathers twitching and quivering in the wind, but it is dead, its neck broken, its plumage soaked and heavy with rain. It has been there two days, beaten by the gale against the branches above, falling through the moss-slimed branches to the ground. Too wet and cold for flies to consume, it will lie so until it is kicked into the leaf-clogged stream down the bank. The stars are hidden, the moon darkened; the grass, the water, one black mass. Only the heaving trees rebel, and the twisted, bloody pigeon shudders in the windy wood.

ANN JAMES, U.VI.

THE SNOWDROP

Brave little snowdrop,
Growing all alone;
In it lies a raindrop
Like a silver stone.

KATHRYN BAGGALEY, 1B.

SOUTHWELL MINSTER

This name conjures up many wonderful scenes in my mind, for this year the church choir and Sunday school teachers' outing went to Southwell.

We left Rocester at 1.45 p.m. and arrived in Southwell at half-past three. We walked down the main drive and looked up at the unusual spires. The door was very large and studded with iron and I wondered who would be strong enough to open it, when our vicar pushed open a small door cut into the large one. We were met inside by the curate, who protested that the vicar, who had himself been curate there, knew more about the Minster than he did. He then gave us a short talk on the history of the Minster,

telling us that there was probably a Roman temple there, for a mosaic floor can be seen under the choir stalls. The first Christian church was built about 100 A.D. and the present Minster was founded in the year 1111 A.D., a very easy date to remember. This is an example of Norman architecture, but the high altar and Chapter House, which were added in 1234, are in a graceful, slender style unlike the sturdy Norman pillars. The stone screen in the Chapter House is covered with small carved heads, many of which are ugly, for if a mason disliked a neighbour a caricature was made and preserved for posterity.

The curate then conducted us round the Minster and showed us the points he had mentioned. The tour ended in the choir stalls, where we listened to Evensong. The choir boys came from the Minster Grammar School and one could not help wondering if they always looked so angelic.

After Evensong we went into the Chapter House and seeing the seal of the district of Ashbourne we were reminded of how large the Diocese used to be, for Southwell Minster used to be the summer residence of the Archbishop of York, and until 1908 the diocese included Derbyshire.

After tea in a nearby café the younger members of the party, myself included, went for a walk round the outside of the Minster. It was twilight and the sunset gave the small, three-sided spires an eerie appearance, while the greyish yellow of the Minster stone seemed to mingle with the surrounding trees. One could easily imagine the splendours of the past age. At the east end of the Minster there was just one light which lit up the medieval leaded window of the high altar. At this and at the many other objects of interest standing in the grounds we stood looking until the last remnants of light had gone.

We left this sombre atmosphere for the gayer one of the coach and spent the return journey in singing the hymns and songs that had always been sung on an outing such as this.

JENNIFER SMITH, 4B.

THE MASTER AT WORK

The storm that raged
 Young Schubert heard
 And wrote it down, but not in words,
 In music that expressed its will,
 As Schubert stood upon that hill.
 The music did what all the storms do,
 It raged, it threshed,
 And then with calm it lay at rest,
 For Schubert translated the elements' strife,
 And a wonderful symphony
 Came to life.

MARIAN HEATH, 1B.

HOLLINGTON STONE FOR COVENTRY CATHEDRAL

When it was decided to go forward with building a new cathedral at Coventry to replace the one bombed in the war, the design of Mr. Basil Spence (now Sir Basil Spence) was accepted from hundreds of entries from all over the world.

After consideration of stones suitable and available, the selection was finally made of Hollington stone from the Mottled Beds situated at Great Gate in the Uttoxeter Rural District. The stone had to be sound, weather and atmosphere resisting, and durable. Croxden Abbey, only a mile away from the quarry, had been built over eight hundred years before from reputedly the same quarry, and the mouldings on the Abbey have lasted to this day, so they did know it would last through the centuries.

A local firm, Stanton and Bettany Ltd., secured the order for the stonework to be from their quarries and to be worked at the Rocester works at the side of the River Churnet. It is amazing how much work has to be put into the stone before it is finally sent by lorry to Coventry. Stones weighing up to seven tons are brought to Rocester, put under the saw frames, cut to a suitable size, then planed and moulded. Next they are taken to be jointed, and finally passed to the masons for finishing, ready for delivery to the Cathedral site for the Fixers to lay in position, or 'fix'. All working drawings were prepared in the draughtsman's office and approved by the architect. Each stone had a letter and number so that all was done correctly.

Stone was taken from Rocester to Coventry at the rate of fifty tons each week, and the Cathedral rose at the rate of two and a half feet every month. It was begun in February, 1956, and the roof level was reached in April, 1959, to complete, in the words of Sir Basil Spence, "the Cathedral of the present Age".

CAROLYN HILL, 3A.

ALTON

Alton is a very pretty village situated on the River Churnet. It is more fortunate than, for example, Froghall and Oakamoor because unlike these places it has not been struck by industry. The first history which is recorded in Alton is of the Saxons before the Conquest. On the site where Alton Towers now stands, there was an ancient stronghold of the kings of Mercia, known as Banbury. In the year 716, King Ina, king of the west Saxons, came with his forces down through the Churnet Valley to besiege the fortress which at the time was defended by Coelnad the king of Mercia. As a result of this there was a great battle which ended in a draw.

The site where the battle took place is known as Slain Hollow and standing at the end of a nearby woodland is "Ina's Rock".

The original Alton Castle was built on the same site as the new one in 1175 by a man called Bertrum de Verdun, the founder of Croxden Abbey. The castle was the greatest stronghold in the district. The remains of the Verdun structure show that the walls were as thick as a small cottage. Verdun joined Richard Lion Heart in the crusades and was later killed. Alton Castle then became the property of the Furnival family up to the fifteenth century. Nine lords held the castle until a marriage which took the castle into the hands of the Talbot family. John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, was the hero of more than forty battles. It is believed that Cromwell destroyed Alton Castle from the Tootle Rocks.

The famous golden roof of Alton Castle is made of green and gold Italian tiles which now cannot be obtained. Unfortunately some of the tiles have had to be replaced by asbestos tiles. Several of the Shrewsbury family are buried beneath the roof.

The Anglican Church of St. Peter stands quite close to the Roman Catholic Convent also built by Verdun. There is proof, though, that a Saxon Church existed here before the Conquest. The church was built in 1175 and the first service was held in 1176. The church was built with five Norman arches which are quite a distance from the roof. The reason is that the damp used to affect the church so they raised the floor. The church has eight bells which are said to be the best peal in the district apart from the cathedral.

Another ancient monument is the old Roundhouse. It is one of the four left in England today. A few yards away is the iron room which was formerly a pupils' dining room at Cotton College. In 1889 the villagers carried it in parts just over three miles from Cotton to Alton. It is now used as a social centre and cinema. Alton Towers was used as an R.A.F. camp during the war. Since then Alton Towers has seen many thousands of people. Recently a miniature railway and zoo have been opened by Bernard Miles.

Its useful life has not ended even though most of it is in ruins.

GILLIAN MOULD, 2B.

JUBILEE

Having survived the journey from Cheadle to Beaudesert in a coach with a decided odour of diesel fumes and with rucksack frames prodding all parts of our anatomies, we alighted (in a puddle, of course!) outside a marquee, where all new arrivals were informed to report. Leaving our kit on the driest patch of

grass available (that is, an area which did not completely resemble a lake) we reported—only to be told that Rangers must “Go down that path and find Miss Parkins”—which we did.

No sooner had we reported, and asked if we could return to the central area for the rest of our luggage and our tent, than we were told, “While you are there, perhaps you can ask one of the Guiders for some elastic; then go to the Providore Shop for some dates, and on the way back fetch the Jubilee badge from the Warden’s office: you cannot miss the way”. Needless to say, we did miss the way, and by the time we had performed our original errand and carried out various tasks for other people, our kit was as far from the Ranger Group as ever. We were just beginning to realise the import of the words “Miss Parkins *will* be pleased to see you”!

Finally, however, our tent was pitched, our gadgets erected, and a comfortable night’s rest enjoyed. The official opening on Friday, 29th July, was attended by Miss Paterson (the Camp Adviser from Commonwealth Headquarters): in fact she spent a night in camp, and helped us to prepare the fish and carrots which we were cooking. As may be expected, the Rangers were once more employed: this time we used the trek carts to transport chairs from the Camp Chapel to the assembly area. The actual opening, fortunately, was held between the showers.

The following day, as there were now twenty-six Rangers in camp, we no longer took our meals with the Central Camp, although we still had to help them—with the result that, on the Saturday, all our meals were about two hours later than those of other groups. This day also brought the task of sweeping the Camp Chapel, and beating dust from the hassocks, in preparation for 7 a.m. Communion on the Sunday. (How long it takes for cobwebs to return, I know not, but when I stood up, after kneeling by the wall, my skirt was covered with them: I must have been unlucky in selecting a spot in which to kneel!) One announcement, the veracity of which few would at first credit, was that we were to take cushions—or the equivalent—to Chapel, as kneeling on the concrete floor would be uncomfortable! Later on Sunday we were to go to Matins in Lichfield Cathedral—breakfast began at nine o’clock: the coaches left at 9.30.

Never had I expected to go to camp to fill in puddles in the “road”, (actually, nothing more than cart-tracks) but this experience was forthcoming on the Monday, when, in between selling entrance tickets and directing traffic, we attempted to render the tracks “car-worthy”. Upon being directed along the narrower of two lanes, one motorist (in whose place I should probably have refused to move!) looked so astounded that we hastily reassured him that, round the corner, the puddles decreased and the track

widened: there were, fortunately, no casualties! If my memory does not fail me, I believe that, on this day, we actually succeeded in having tea before the Guiders in the Central Camp did: our ambition had been achieved.

Our excursion to Warwick, Stratford and Kenilworth was almost curtailed at Warwick, when the coach driver would not be convinced, until he had telephoned to his office, that he was to do other than deposit us at Warwick and then (presumably) read a paper in the coach until six o'clock. That evening, some of the Canadian Guides came to our group, so we fed them on hot-dogs and cocoa: as we had no C.O. to supervise our Group, provided there was a supply of volunteers to carry messages, we were free to do almost as we pleased.

Again, on the Wednesday, we met our Canadian friends when, in the marquee, they taught us the square dance which they were hoping to perform at the Finale camp-fire, if the rain ceased. Until seven o'clock we fondly believed the Grand Finale to have been cancelled, when, as we were having our belated tea, we were asked to gather wood for the camp fire. By then, or so we imagined, we had used all the near-by wood, so, dismantling the trek-cart, we lifted it over a locked gate to fetch wood from a coppice, rather distant, but still on the Beaudesert estate. In our haste we did not notice the cotter-pin silently taking its leave of the axle, until the wheel rolled off, the trek-cart crashed, and a circle of the bovine species (in this case, fortunately, cows) approached, disconcertingly, to watch our reassembling it. The wood gathered, we finally made our laborious way to the Camp Fire Hollow (only thirty minutes late) to discover that the Finale was already in progress: at this, members of contingents from abroad entertained us with dances or stunts typical of their own countries, and each of the seventeen Guide groups contributed.

At last, only the embers of the Camp Fire were glowing as we retraced our steps to our camp-sites: the Canadian Guides again came to visit us, and, as we sat in the large tent devouring sausages and cocoa, they taught us the moving Canadian song "My country is my cathedral". How we wished the camp was only beginning! However, half past two in the morning (not that it seemed matinal!) is rather late, so, regretfully, we returned to our tents and our beds.

To my astonishment—and to the dismay of the Ranger who was sleeping (or, shall I say, attempting to doze) with me—I was awake at my usual hour. As is to be expected on all such occasions, it was pouring with rain when the time came to strike the tents, although, when all our kit was safely packed, the rain ceased. (Better late than never!) Our goodbyes said, we carried our kit

to the dispersal point to find awaiting us, not the coach in which we had travelled to Beaudesert, but another of equally uncertain vintage, which required persuasion (in the form of water) that Cheadle, not Stramshall Church, was, officially, its ultimate destination.

GRACE C. PLANT, U.VI.

THE JUBILEE CAMP

I went for a week to the Jubilee Camp,
It was not as usual rainy and damp,
The days were quite fine there for six out of seven,
The sun shone down gold from a blue clear heaven.

The Girl Guides and Rangers, from far and from near
They came with their standards that flew in the clear;
They came here from Sweden, St. Vincent, Jamaica,
Malaya and Canada, Rome and Australia.

From other far countries came Guides short and tall,
With Staffordshire waiting to welcome them all.
Midst the beautiful scenery, fresh and so green,
The tents were all pitched—what a sight to be seen!

We all shared the chores and we all shared the fun;
We were all friends together there, out in the sun;
And all round the campfire so cheerful and bright
In song all the nations out there did unite.

MARGARET DEAKIN, 4A.

POINT-TO-POINTING

On most Saturday mornings in Spring our family is preparing for an enjoyable afternoon at the Races. I make sandwiches, biscuits, cakes and drinks to suit everybody, while the animals and poultry on the farm are provided for. Arrangements are made with friends about the time of departure. We rarely stop for a proper lunch, just coffee and biscuits while waiting for our friends to come. Owing to the weather, which is usually foul, the usual clothes to wear are a duffle coat and slacks, or a warm skirt, and a sweater. When everyone is present we get into the car, that has been specially polished and checked for oil, water and petrol, and off we go. The journey to any race-course is interesting because as well as going to the local meetings, we go to Stratford, Melton Mowbray, Ludlow and Flagg Moor, in fact, in all directions.

There are often queues for several miles as we near the course but when we reach it and have parked the car, the first essential is a race card. Our party then splits up, arranging to meet at a certain place to watch the race. My mother and I usually go to the paddock first to see the horses parading, sleek, shining and in the peak of good condition. To stay there too long is not wise because the best prices come before most people start betting. Sometimes, just before the race starts, a friend gives us a tip that sends us dashing up and down the bookies' boards looking for the best prices.

Watching the race brings my heart to my mouth many times, when the favourite slips or pulls up, or the outsider wins far ahead of the others. The most thrilling race to me is when one of my uncle's horses is running. Usually we can get a tip "straight from the horse's mouth".

After five or six races packed with disappointments, thrills and successes, we make our way back to the car park where we enjoy piping hot tea or coffee and discuss the day's racing. Everything is exaggerated of course—the distance the favourite won by becomes longer, and the way one horse jumped the last fence becomes more impossible. If after reckoning the day's winnings, it is said to be a good day, we stop at a hotel on the way back for a full course meal. If the day has been bad we say "Never mind, we're going to Stratford next week and ———'s running", and make our way home.

SHEILA BROWN, 4A.

CHARTLEY CASTLE

These two ruined towers and a tumble-down wall,
 Are surrounded by ages old ash trees so tall,
 And through primroses growing there sweet in the sun,
 The frisky new lambs on the banks races run.
 The peace is scarce broken by thrush and blackbird—
 For the noise from the roadway is not to be heard.
 In Springtime this sight seems so pleasant a scene,
 Though a long time ago it imprisoned a Queen.
 To the great Chartley Castle a plot was then brought,
 For the life of Queen Mary, the prisoner, was sought.
 She signed 'Parisplot' and endangered her life,
 And throughout the whole country the rumours were rife.
 Now, late on dark nights when the moon is o'er cast,
 A figure on horseback is seen riding past.
 He carries the papers which bear Mary's seal
 To the Queen who demanded her life with great zeal.
 He gallops along with a triumphant leer—
 The ghost who reminds us of tragedy here.

BETTY ASTLE, 4A.

MYSELF — FIVE YEARS AGO

To me at eleven, life was perfect. I was happy at home and at school, in work and in play.

Food was of great importance. If I was hungry I could eat almost anything. Often the others complained about school dinners but these defects in our meals always passed unnoticed by me. Sweets were never a great passion; milk chocolate and juicy oranges were my great favourites. I hated, and still do hate, carrots. I can remember one day trying to eat these loathsome vegetables in the garden and when I found the dog was as unwilling as I was to eat them, I buried them in the flower bed. Even now I could go straight to the exact spot where they lay!

At school, I was in the important position of being in the top Class. Among the many privileges that we of the highest form possessed, I had the special one of ringing the bell. This was indeed an honour as, if I was two minutes late, I had allowed the second Class two extra minutes of Mental Arithmetic. We were all amiable but if any two people quarrelled the whole school broke out in full-scale warfare, so influential were we. Apart from this amusement, we used to play "horses" and I was the smallest one, always having to be rescued by the others. As well as this we used to crouch among the mud at the bottom of the playground and play marbles. I was not skilled in this art and usually lost all my marbles to a girl with ringlets, called Cynthia who is now taking a secretarial course. I enjoyed working in school but I was never serious and loved to tease, even though I myself disliked being teased.

I was an incorrigible tomboy and would very reluctantly comb my hair, wash my hands or sit still for two seconds together. I told my mother that I wished I was a boy and then I could wear trousers all the time and not bother with "frilly" frocks. She just smiled and said, "You wait and see!" Being such a tomboy I was always in trouble. I had a passion for climbing trees and for water. This latter was twice nearly my downfall. One winter day my friend and I were warned against going on the pond. So down we went and naturally enough, I walked across the pond. My friend, always more sensible than I, remained on the brink. Triumphantlly, I turned to her with a "See—it's perfectly safe!" But it was not, and soon I was up to my neck in water! Another time in that very same pond I nearly amputated my thumb and finger by putting my hand on a very sharp piece of glass. Our local doctor spent half the morning stitching me up again and I still have the scars and a slightly crooked fourth finger. I was always very reckless.

My favourite pastime was going down to the farm. I was in Paradise, wearing my father's old trousers and singing "What shall we do with the drunken sailor?" on top of a load of potatoes. I loved the harvest, too, but unfortunately, owing to an allergy to hay, I was unable to enjoy the pleasures of working in it. The episode in my farming career which remains the most impressive, is when the farmer let me take the cart and Tommy, the powerful, lumbering horse, back to the farm all by myself. I was very proud, although doubtless the old horse knew his own way home. A more sorrowful experience was when we were picking violets on forbidden ground and "Will Henry", the snorting bull, decided to take the law into his own hands and remove us from his domain. How we ran!

But a transformation has taken place. At fifteen, nearly sixteen, I never venture near the farm. Chocolate is forbidden and in its place I eat hard, sour apples and drink plenty of milk. I wash myself with pleasure and comb my hair readily.

My world is larger now. At eleven, I neither knew nor cared about Anthony Eden and the Suez Canal crisis. Now I devour the newspapers and am concerned about everything I read, whether it be the policy of the Labour Party concerning unilateral disarmament or the scathing remarks of Krushchev. But I am not fundamentally much more serious than at eleven and I still enjoy harmless fun. Perhaps, after all, I have not been transformed, but have just grown up a little.

SUSAN FOSTER, 5M.

ECOLIAD

or Virgil's View of School Transport

Ecce! multitudinis schoolgirls et grubby pueri,
 Qui wait in via, in queue longa.
 Labor est finitus; happy omnes nam
 Discesserunt from horribili school.
 Nigra umbra of Maths., tenebres of Geography
 Sunt absent. Advenit bus.
 Mob nympharum charge, et minores
 Trampled sub pedibus sunt. Ita,
 Weary prefectae try to quieten
 (Frustra) tumultum of crowd qui
 Iaciunt berets, eat omnia genera food,
 Fecefunt prep., et semper pestilentes sunt.
 Conductor (homo miserabilis!) victus est;
 Gaudeat igitur when omnes get off
 Et domum redierunt for tea.

ANN CHAPMAN, U.VI.

THE DESERTED INN

Through the shimmering leaves it streams
 Silver shafts of silver beams.
 On the shimmering lake so cold
 Silver moonbeams now lay hold.
 Once an inn alone here stood,
 Deep amidst the darkening wood;
 Now no more do people stay,
 For fishes through its guest-rooms play.

JANET ASTLE, 2A.

THE POTTERIES OF TODAY

Living in a quiet little village called Draycott-in-the-Moors, which incidentally is near the boundary of Stoke-on-Trent, I can see in the distance the twinkling lights of a large factory which produces some of the finest pottery in the world. This has given me the idea to write on "The Potteries of Today".

Here, as the word Potteries denotes, some of the world's most famous pottery is made; this includes tableware (china-ware and earthenware), sanitary ware, porcelain for electric appliances, tiles and glazed bricks.

In the past the Potteries were known to be dirty and smoky, and this was really true because the large bottle kilns puffed dirty black smoke into the atmosphere. I have been told that until recently it was not advisable to go shopping in best clothes because when the kilns were fired the whole area was covered in black specks.

Today it is very different; the bottle kilns are being replaced by electric, gas and oil-fired kilns which are smokeless. The old factories are being replaced by new four- and five-storey buildings and the approach to some of the factories has gardens and lawns.

The conditions for the potter have also changed considerably. There is far less danger of catching the dust disease known as silicosis, because all the workshops have been modernised to take the dust away by electric fans. They also have conveyor belts which take the ware from one operator to another, whereas in olden days, cups were carried on a board on the operator's shoulder or head.

The firing of the ware has also altered. A few years ago the pottery was carried on the head and stacked piece by piece in the bottle kiln. As the kiln would still be hot from the previous firing, conditions were extremely uncomfortable for the person responsible for stacking the kiln. Today it is very different. The ware is

stacked onto a type of miniature railway waggon and then is automatically driven by electricity through the kiln at a regulated speed.

From this one can see great strides have been made to improve and modernise the Potteries, so I hope the "Five Towns" will soon be regarded as a model industrial area.

GILLIAN HULME, 3B.

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC

[The first clue gives two words which supply the first and last letters of the four other words to be found by the following clues.]

A welcome break
Each term we take.

1. Stop, stay for me,
I'm lame, you see.
2. We couldn't do without it,
Everywhere it's found;
In and out we take it,
And half of it is round.
3. A fictitious king this name will reveal,
But from his letters he might have been real.
4. Clean but warm, cool off within;
You'll get it if you know your Latin.

GERALDINE WHITEHURST, 3A.

[See last page for solution.]

BURTON STATUTES FAIR

Every year on the first Monday in October Pat Collins's Statutes Fair comes to Burton. This originated from a law about the hiring of labour for the farmers. Any people who were looking for work would go to the Market Square and stand on a platform until they were engaged for a year. After a certain time they would all go around the Fair to celebrate, and each one who had been hired would wear a coloured ribbon to indicate whose man he now was.

During those times the Fair was always constructed on a Sunday night, and all the caravans were to be seen on the boundary of Burton itself, waiting until eight o'clock when most church services were over and they would be allowed into Burton itself. This custom is still observed.

Nowadays the Fair is held on both Monday and Tuesday, during which time the roads around the market are closed to all traffic. The roundabouts and amusements vary from year to year, but the fun of the Fair is as great as it always used to be.

KATHLEEN BROWN, 3B.

A FAREWELL

As winter comes the birds migrate
To lands of warmer clime;
The martin and the swallow leave
When Nature says it's time.

Before they leave they can be seen,
On fence and wire and tree,
Collecting for their journey south,
Across the land and sea.

And suddenly, with one accord,
Their twittering is stilled;
They rise, and with their beating wings
The autumn sky is filled.

They wheel and swirl, a darkening cloud,
And then, as one, they turn
To face the hazards of the flight
To lands for which they yearn.

We watch them sadly as they go,
Until they disappear,
Oh, what adventures they will have,
Ere they come back next year!

JANET MORGAN, 2A.

CEILINGS

Thinking back on visits which I made last year to Chatsworth and to various places in East Anglia, I realised that a ceiling is far more than the plain upper surface of a room. There can be many variations in the decoration, size and shape of ceilings.

In Norwich Cathedral the ceiling is most intricately decorated and carved. There are numerous shields cut in wood and on them are depicted Biblical scenes. Because this ceiling is so tremendously high, there are, at intervals down the central aisle, small tables with magnifying looking-glasses fixed to their tops, so that visitors can examine the ceiling more closely. The colour is very striking, as is the whole effect.

From this Church we went on to visit another where the ceiling is in marked contrast with this. There is beauty, but of a different kind. This is Blythburgh Church where we found the Angel Ceiling. Here there is no artificial colouring but the beauty lies in the carving and in the history behind it. It was built in the fifteenth century by the Danish woolmerchants who lived in the area at

that time. When Oliver Cromwell was in power he attempted to have it shot down, but thanks to the generosity of a few American businessmen the wings of the carved angel have been replaced. These angels are all carved where the beams running across the width join the central beam running down the length of the church.

From carved beauty on ceilings my attention was turned to painted beauty. I saw this on my visit to Chatsworth House. In one of the rooms, known as the Painted Hall, the whole ceiling is painted just as if it were a framed picture, and it depicts the reception of Julius Caesar among the gods. This great work was done by Laguerre during the years 1692-94 in the time of the first Duke of Devonshire. Another of the rooms in this magnificent house is named after its roof. It is the Dome Room, and is truly remarkable.

CHRISTINE REEVES, 5D.

A REAL SUMMER

The lilac is out;
 The gnats are about;
 Standing under the lilac tree
 I can feel the gnats biting at me.
 The birds have built a nest
 In the place they know is best,
 Where no harm to them may come
 From rat or cat or anyone.
 And now the swallow comes again
 In spite of early springtime rain;
 He scatters clay which is a pest
 As under the eaves he takes his rest.

ANN DEVILLE, 1A.

MRS. MALAPROP KEEPS HER NIECE DEFORMED

*From—*Buxton Gardens,
 The West End.
 Autumn, 1774.

My dearest Niece,

It is with inequable pleasure that I take up my quill to indict these lines to you. It defrauded me the minimum of pleasure to hear that you and your gallant spout had transversed the stormy ocelots in safety and had entangled yourselves without any apostrophes on the topical planes of India. For my part, I was quite distorted with anxiety for you.

I was fortuitous enough to be present on Hollowe'en at the nuptial cemetery of the loathly Julia and her zealous suitor, Faulkland. Your bequeathing England before this ovation effected them both with devious disappointment but as you was pursuing your husband in the curse of duty, they have endeavoured to overcome this commotion.

The nuptials were reformed at St. Peter's, which was desecrated for the illustration with harem lilies. Madame Julia came up the isle on the arm of dear Sir Antony and looked so bountiful as to be almost imperceptible. Her gown must have been resigned by an obsolete genesis! Faulkland's love will surely never be distinguished and I procrastinate for them a life of maternal bliss.

Sir Antony's speech at the blanket was both extinguished and expiring. At its close he laid his positive conjunctions on the young couple that they should be loyal to each other and share all their obsessions.

It is with regret that I close rather precipitously. When Julia returns I shall persist that she write more of the perpendiculars, and I hope to have the importunity soon of hearing from you.

Believe me to be,

Your infections Aunt,

Matilda Malaprop.

CATHERINE GOODALL, 5M.

THE SPODE COPELAND POTTERY FILM

A Description and Appreciation

Josiah Spode was, with Josiah Wedgwood, an apprentice. What a long way the firm has gone from that day! In Georgian days, when tea drinking became a fashion, something was needed from which to drink tea. Previously the national drink was beer, drunk in clumsy mugs. So the elegant china tea cup was invented. Spode had Copeland as his agent. He was a tea merchant and the many beautiful ornate Chinese designs found on the wrappers were eventually put onto the new china.

The firm also makes cheaper earthenware. The difference between the two is that the cheaper ware is produced on a larger scale using machinery, whereas much skill is put into the making of fine bone china.

To make the porcelain materials such as bone and kaolin are mixed into a thick cream. Later the clay is thrown onto the potter's wheel. It looks easy, but it is quite difficult as no air must be trapped under the clay and it takes many years to acquire the art. Little has changed in the shaping of the pottery by hand since the firm started. The same skill is needed but the wheel is turned by electricity now.

After firing and glazing and further firing the design is applied. This is either copied from another plate or done freehand. A plate may be fired many times before all the colour has been put on. It is now ready to be exported, wrapped in straw with the utmost care.

Mass produced pottery is moulded. The mixture is made into a liquid and called slip. It is poured into moulds. These are left to dry out and the mould removed and the article fired to make biscuit ware. The glazed articles are then painted in a quicker way—for example, by using a transfer.

I liked this film very much. It told a clear story of an ancient art perfected by modern hands. I liked its being in colour because one could see the paints and the colour of the ingredients.

The commentary was clear and the music provided a pleasant background. I liked seeing the people working at their everyday tasks. I am pleased we were able to see the film so that we could learn about pottery making which takes place so near to this school.

SUSAN COPESTAKE, 4A.
SUSAN FOSTER.

AUTUMN

with apologies to Chaucer

[é should be sounded]

Whan that the windés of Novembre blowen,
And yellow conies to their holés goen,
Whan smalé creatures long to shuten eye,
And oldé sonne sinks westward ruddilee;
Whan off the trees the mellow fruits are shent,
Then is the grund with dewie pearls ysprent.
The litel streme that turneth never againe
Descendeth from the mountain into plaine
Bret-ful of mudde, y-swoll'n with heavy rayne.
From out the stewe are swept the luce and bremes:
Another Noé's Fluddé come, y-seemes!
Till with the newé moon it rayn na mor,
As Hodge y-telleth in his folké lore,
And trees without hir klokés maken mone
And longen for the blewé skies y-goon.
Than berries ripen on the naked thorne
For smalé fowlés fare on wintrés morne
Whan that Boreas with his cruelle vice
Hath grippéd al the londe in claws of ice.

And than the frostie nightes beginne to darken,
 And Wintre lafs his icy knife to sharpen.
 Than longen folke to cease hir voyaging,
 And round the herthe with happie faces singe
 And tellen tales, and maken murrie jeste,
 And suppen ale, and taken longé reste.

BARBARA KIRKMAN, JOAN MACKIE and
 JENNIFER MALBON, L.VI.

THE ROYAL NAVY'S ONLY BATTLESHIP

During our stay in Portsmouth in August we took the opportunity of having a trip round the docks, and it was most interesting to look at so many naval vessels ready to put to sea. However, I think I shall remember most clearly our visit to H.M.S. Victory, which was Admiral Lord Nelson's flagship at the battle of Trafalgar in 1805.

This ship was built in 1778 and was of course a sailing-ship. She has now been carefully restored to the exact state which she was in at the time of Trafalgar, and now lies in dry dock. She is between 70 and 80 yards long, 17 yards wide and weighs about 3,000 tons fully-laden. She had 104 guns and carried a crew of 800, so the space on board must have been very cramped. I believe the last modern battleships were about 80,000 tons.

The Victory's guns fired round-shot weighing anything between 20 and 50 pounds to a range of three miles. This compares ill with the range of 20 miles or more of battleships such as the King George V and the Prince of Wales, which fought in the last war.

It took about 200 men to wind in the Victory's anchor on a huge rope and the tiller was worked by an elaborate system of ropes from the ship's wheel. This was shot away at Trafalgar and the ship had to be steered from the great handle of the tiller by 40 men, twenty on each side. The men used to live and eat by the side of their guns.

On the upper deck is a brass plate which marks the actual spot where Nelson fell after being shot by a sniper. He was then carried to one of the lower decks under the water line which was used in battle as the surgeon's deck and it was here that he died. His body was preserved in wine and brought to London to be buried in state.

The surgeon's deck was painted red, the idea being to disguise the sight of blood for the sake of the wounded men. There were no anaesthetics in these days and before operations the patient was given half a bottle of rum to drink, in the hope that this would

deaden the pain. The actual instruments used by the surgeons at that time were on show. They looked terrifying.

The biggest battleship ever built by Britain was H.M.S. Vanguard which was completed at the end of the last war. She had been towed away from Portsmouth a few weeks before for scrapping and this had also happened to all the other recent battleships. Thus H.M.S. Victory, which is still in commission with a small crew, although now nearly 200 years old is Britain's last and only battleship.

SUSAN WILLIAMS, 2B.

SHAKESPEARE GOES KOOKIE

(or — Developments in the English Language)

As forms of expression in the English language are constantly broadening and taking on new and different meanings, it seems sensible that one should move with the times. The present trend towards beat or jive talk may even be accepted into our language, as were other forms of slang, and I have taken the liberty of revising a part of Shakespeare for the enlightenment of the youth of today.

Dingle dangle, cats and kittens—tune in on my wavelength.
My mission is making with the black for Caesar, not making with
the praise,

The square acts men do stay on, dad,

The cool acts go with the wings.

Likewise with Caesar.

This cat Brutus from honoursville—his beat was Caesar was
making with the Top Toga,

Like I mean, that's a square deal, man,

And a square deal Caesar got.

Here on permitsville from Brutus and his beat group

(For Brutus is a nervous number)

I make the scene to give with the orator—jazz.

I dug him for buddiesville;

But Brutus makes like Caesar was squirrel,

And Brutus is a nervous number.

CAREN EATON, U.VI.

THE PLEASURES OF A RESERVOIR

The reservoir, or lake as it is commonly called, in Okene is a beautiful but natural stretch of water. It is surrounded by typical Nigerian vegetation, coarse brown grass, tall trees and rocky brown earth. The lake has two small islands, one of which is

inhabited by a monitor lizard. It is a brightly coloured reptile about three feet long and can often be seen swimming from island to island.

Vultures and birds like herons stand on the edge of the lake watching for fish, flying off when approached, the vultures' dark grey wings flapping in an ungainly way. There are many snakes, scorpions, and huge red ants which eat through everything including dead people when they are given a chance. Last come the fish. They range in weight from a hundred and four pounds, that of one caught three years ago, to the one-ounce tiddlers.

Apart from boating and fishing, people can swim in the lake, for there are two little swimming pools which are enjoyed very much in spite of the frogs, water-snakes and innumerable insects. The heat, however, makes anyone glad to risk these revolting creatures for a cool swim in the dirty water.

LESLEY GEARY, 3A.

A SONG OF JOY

Walking in Spring
Is a joyous thing.
When you brush past the bluebells
They all start to ring.
"Summer is coming!"
The birds seem to say;
"Summer is coming!"
It's not far away.
"Out with your dresses,
Out with your socks,
Pull on your sandals
And tidy your locks!"
Winter has gone,
Spring's going too;
Hurry up, Summer—
Hurry up, do!

CAROL SALT, 1A.

INDEPENDENCE

We had never seen the site before, but it was as perfect as we had imagined. The field was occupied by only a few caravans besides ours, which had a beautiful view of the sea on the right, and of the Welsh mountains on the left; and we knew that in front lay the quiet little village of Nevin.

We soon settled down, Janet, Christine, Catherine and I, after waving goodbye to my parents as they drove towards home, leaving us with the caravan, to enjoy ourselves on our own. We still could not believe that everything had happened as it had. Just a few months ago it had been only a dream that the four of us should spend a week of the summer holidays away from our parents, in our caravan. At the beginning, I dared not hope that my parents would agree to our idea, and to their towing the home to Nevin, but after weeks of persuading, saving and planning, we finally succeeded. We were to be completely independent, buying our own food, cooking it at any time we wished, and enjoying ourselves with no-one to tell us what to do.

As soon as we had had dinner, without mishap, we hurried down the narrow path to the sea, for a swim. As the tide was in, we were at first disappointed, as the beach seemed to be only shingle, but later, at low tide, vast expanses of sand were uncovered. In the evening we explored the rest of the beach, and found some interesting rock formations at the other side of the bay. There were some rust coloured rocks being washed away by the tireless sea, and jagged pieces jutting out of the rough waters, green with limpets, and streaked brown with seaweed.

One morning we took an early bus to Carnaervon, which was about twenty miles away. Having arrived there, we found our way to the castle, and escorted ourselves round the cold, narrow passages, up and down the turrets, and in the clammy dungeons. I could imagine ladies with sweeping gowns walking sedately through the long rooms, the clanging of weapons, as men strode down the corridors, and the creaking of wood as they crossed the drawbridge towards the town.

Feeling hungry, we decided to find a restaurant where we could have dinner. Our housekeeping money, which had been carefully saved and pooled, would allow us to have one meal out. It was quite unusual to order a meal without our parents, wondering how much we could afford, and how much tip we ought to leave the waitress.

Our next experience was to climb a mountain. It was across the lane from our site, and Catherine and Christine had proclaimed their desire from the beginning, while Janet and I were not so enthusiastic. So we stayed at the bottom, watching them get smaller and smaller, until they seemed like flies. But we could still clearly hear Chris shout, "This is horrible! I'll be glad when we get to the top!" When they at last reached the summit, they looked so satisfied, although so tiny, that we just had to go up too. I grabbed my camera, and we began the long journey up the steep rail track.

This used to be the track leading to a quarry, and took us half-way up, then stopping on a ledge. From there we had to make our own way, and were glad when we finally reached the top. The view was absolutely marvellous, and it seemed as though we were in a plane flying over the bays. The outline of the coast could be seen for miles, and in the opposite direction stretched more mountains to the other side of the peninsula, where more sea appeared. The village, huddled on the coast, stretched farther than we had expected, and the sun setting over the calm bay completed the picture. We stood for a few moments motionless, and then I hurriedly got out my camera to take the two views inland, but when I turned to take the sunset, I suddenly realised that the film in my camera had finished. I could have jumped from the top at the thought that so wonderful a view would have to pass uncaptured. So we descended the track, to the caravan that had seemed like a dinky toy below us.

The few days left flew too fast, even though rain fell sometimes, and the wonderful sunset was never repeated. So all too soon my parents appeared to take us all home, so we returned reluctantly, all hoping that it would be possible to make history repeat itself.

PAULINE PHILLIPS, 5M.

THE BALLERINA

I know a lovely ballerina,
Graceful as can be,
And I'm so very happy,
When she dances for me.

She is graceful, she is sweet,
And all the world doth see,
That I am very happy,
When she dances for me.

Taglioni is my idol,
Long since in eternity;
But in my heart she dances,
She dances just for me.

JOY SMITH, 1A.

A VISIT TO A TRAINING COLLEGE

As it was Open Weekend at St. Osyth's Training College, Clacton-on-Sea, during my Half Term, I went with my parents to see my sister who is training there to be a teacher.

We went on the Saturday and explored the college, which used to be a hotel. All the rooms were very modern, and the main staircase looked simply magnificent, being made of oak. The floors were highly polished and everywhere was beautifully clean.

On the following day we were shown round an exhibition of the various studies of all the students. There was a dress parade, given by the Second Year Housecraft Students, which was very varied. All the garments were in the latest fashion and made me quite envious. Some girls had used material which they had woven themselves and made suits and woven dresses.

The Art and Crafts exhibition particularly took my eye. The articles which had been made out of waste paper were most impressive. All the time we were walking round, the Domestic Science students were displaying their talents in various ways, including decorating cakes. One girl had made and iced her own Twenty-First Birthday cake which was on show.

We could have spent many interesting hours looking around, but a long and arduous journey home awaited us, so we had to tear ourselves away.

SUSAN TIPPER, 5C.

CHARLECOTE MANOR

In the summer holidays I visited Charlecote Manor, a few miles from Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire. The original manor was built in the eleventh century, but it was rebuilt in the sixteenth century, and is now National Trust property.

The Great Hall, where William Shakespeare is supposed to have appeared, accused of poaching the park deer, has a plaster ceiling with the Tudor rose design. There is a table with a magnificent top which is very valuable and weighs three tons. Set in it is the biggest onyx in the world.

Here, too, hangs a portrait of Mary Williams, a Welsh girl, who married one of the Lucy family. She and her husband travelled often in Europe and they brought back many treasures, including tiles for the Hall and for the little church nearby. In the Music Room there is this lady's wedding dress which she made when she was only sixteen years of age. In another of the rooms there are some chair seats embroidered by her and in the next room are her harp and music stand.

In the newest part of the building is a table set out with very beautiful china and silver, and opposite it is a sideboard beautifully carved by a local craftsman. On it are some royal entails, family heirlooms, made of gold. On the wall is the original wall-paper.

The library holds the most valuable treasures, some very old vases, and here there is a Bible whose cover is worth over £1,000. There are also some gold coins and medallions.

As I left Charlecote I saw in the grounds the group of buildings which contain the old family bakehouse and the brewery, and quite near them is the coach house which houses four family coaches.

HILARY SARGEANT, 1A.

CHRISTMAS

(from the French of Théophile Gautier)

Black is the sky, the earth is white,
O, bells, ring gaily, gaily on!
For Christ is born, the Virgin bends
Her lovely face above her son.
No curtains draped around his bed,
To keep this precious child from cold,
Naught but the spiders' woven webs,
That hang down from the roof-beams old.

He shivers on the naked straw,
This little Jesus whom we love,
And so to warm him in his crib,
The ox and ass breathe from above.

A fringe of snow hangs from the thatch,
But over it the heavens are rent,
And "Nowell! Nowell!" to the shepherds
The white-clad angels' song is sent.

JOAN MACKIE, L.VI.

UGANDA

East Africa consists of three parts—Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika. The smallest of these is Uganda. Although it is small, it contains the largest lake in the world, Lake Victoria Nyanza.

In Uganda have settled people of many nationalities, including Indians, Italians, English, Americans and at the moment Congolese refugees. These different nationalities do not live as some jungle films would have us believe, but in modern towns and villages or on farms scattered over the countryside. The English often live near towns and work in industry or own a ranch or a tea or coffee plantation.

The countryside is fairly well cultivated, because every house has about fifty by one hundred yards of banana groves and cultivated land. People must not build in forest reserves or game parks or in the Ankde Plains.

The forests are not numerous as the British have brought industry to Uganda, but the more beautiful parts have been reserved and are called Forest Reserves. They are very beautiful but not considered so by the Africans who regard them as a part of everyday life. Great trees, two hundred to three hundred feet high tower overhead, weighed down by creepers, monkeys, snakes, baboons and the strange, coloured birds which seem to change their hue in the equatorial sun. Below, many brilliant butterflies and snakes move about in the swampy ground.

The entrance to a game park is the entrance to a wonderland. It is a place where animals are kept, not in cages, but roaming wild and free and living their natural life. People may come to sleep in the lodges and go down the river in a barge to see the wonderful sights that Africa holds. The size of the animals ranges from the long-necked giraffe to the minute baby monkeys which cling to their mothers and look below them with a sorrowful eye. The king of all these beasts is the lion, a magnificent animal. Fully grown, it is nine to ten feet long and weighs three to four hundred pounds.

Another lovely place, where only herdsmen may build, is the Ankde Plains. These plains in the rainy season consist of miles of green grass with no fences or paddocks, only a few brown specks which are cattle or herdsmen's huts. The herdsmen are half-wild and live on cow's milk and beef. The cattle have long horns and are therefore called "Ankde" which means "long".

About one and a half months ago I came to England. The life does not differ very much but the weather does. It is much colder here. In spite of the fact that school starts much earlier in Africa, I would gladly return to my African life.

H. WORBOYS, 1A.

BLACKBIRD

A bird is singing through the noise
Of a halted train: clear, rich
Notes in a flurry of song, golden
In the gloom of a cloud-hung day.
The notes shine through the rolling
Vomit of smoke belching skywards,
Heavy puffs of reeking, swamping,
Sound—drowning smoke, and the blackbird
Sings, joy rising above the gusts
Of the engine, the strain of a black
Foul, heaving beast. The blackbird's
Yellow song brings joy to the day.

ANN JAMES, U.VI.

MY LIFE IN A VICARAGE

All my life I have lived in a Vicarage and I suppose that I shall cease to live in one only when I get married—unless by some unfortunate circumstance I happen to marry a vicar.

It is not very funny in the middle of the night when the front door bell rings and Mrs. So-and-So says, "Please Vicar, little Willie looks as though he's got the mumps, so will you ring the doctor, please?" Or it is a man to say, "Somebody's car has got stuck in the floods down the road, so could you please come and help push it out?"

Sometimes when I answer the bell and I see a shy young man and woman standing on the doorstep, I feel sure that they have come to ask Daddy if they can put in their banns of marriage. I would love to ask but dare not!

We have many meetings at the Vicarage which means that I am often stopped from watching a favourite programme, like "Tombstone Territory". But I do enjoy the Mothers' Union because the ladies take it in turns to prepare the tea and I always hurry home from school for the scrumptious cakes and sandwiches, but especially for the Scotch pancakes that one lady in particular makes and which I always enjoy.

At the bottom of our orchard there is an inn sign with an arrow pointing to a "local". It often happens that there is confusion, and weary travellers come in and ask the way to the Lounge Bar. We accept all these visits with good humour for they provide us with much fun.

ROSAMUND EDE, 1A.

NEW YORK, 1960

(with apologies to Wordsworth)

From a harassed British Under Secretary at the United Nations General Assembly meeting in New York.

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:

U.N.O. hath need of thee: she is a pool

Of troubled waters: rockets, atomic fuel,

Space-dogs, Polaris—other signs of power

Are wrangled over by a motley shower,

Supposed men of peace. They do not fool:

Kruschev himself hath great intent to rule

Our liberal Commonwealth; and at this hour

While England sleeps, and Eisenhower golfs,

Great Russia tries to sway our neutral friends

Away from Freedom, for despotic ends:

Yet thou, O Milton, sure could'st turn from strife

The red banditti and the muddled oafs,

And with thy logic bring back ordered life.

JENNIFER CRITCHLOW, U.VI.

Veitch—Blair. On 27th August, at Walker Parish Church, Douglas Veitch, of North Shields, to Muriel Blair, formerly of Dovedge.

Wood—Ritchie. On 18th June, at Uttoxeter, Terrence Wood, of Uttoxeter, to Anne Ritchie, of Tutbury.

DEATH

Berridge. On 31st October, Nora M. Berridge (1943-1954).

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Archer, Doreen. Stafford College of Further Education.

Bailey, Gwen. Office of Berry Hill (Engineers) Ltd.

Braime, Elizabeth. Barclays Bank, Cheadle.

Bridden, Brenda. Stafford College of Further Education.

Broadhurst, Patricia. St. Osyth's Training College, Clacton.

Brown, Dorothy. Stoke School of Commerce.

Bull, Dorothy. Is teaching English and History at Parkfields Cedars Grammar School, Derby.

Burton, Jessamine. Is joining the staff of Clapham County School for Girls as Music Mistress.

Buxton, Carole. Worked in the Uttoxeter Branch Library for six months, but now has moved to Folkestone.

Collins, Sheila. Is in New Zealand managing two beauty salons for Elizabeth Arden Ltd.

Carr, Rosemary. Shelton College of Commerce.

Cooper, Noreen. Women's Royal Air Force.

Davis, Shirley. Westminster Bank, Uttoxeter.

Deaville, Sheila. Hull Training College.

Durose, Eunice. Laboratory Assistant, China Divisional Laboratory, Regent Works, Longton.

Durose, Joyce. A bank, in Longton.

Finnikin, Ann. Nursing at Burton General Hospital.

Forrester, Rosemary. Teaching in Great Barr Junior School, Birmingham.

Fradley, Linda. Biddulph Orthopaedic Hospital.

Fraser, Alison. Civil Service, County Court, Stafford.

Gilbert, Angela. Guildhall School of Music.

- Goode, Susan. Stafford College of Art.
- Goodwin, Bettina. Physical Education Mistress, County Secondary School, Oakham, Rutland.
- Goodwin, Brenda. Nursing at Harlow Wood Hospital, Mansfield.
- Green, Rosemary. Housecraft Teacher at Beaumont Leys School, Leicester.
- Hall, Veronica. Field House Residential Nursery, Clent.
- Healy, Gail. Hull Training College.
- Heath, Josephine. Shelton College of Commerce.
- Heath, Rosalind. Leek College of Further Education.
- Henry, Margaret (Mrs. Hooker) writes from California where she has been living for eleven years. She has four children. When she left England in 1945 she lived for some time in Mexico City. It is no wonder that Spanish is an important school subject for the Hooker children.
- Holdcroft, Jennifer. Housecraft teacher, St. Julian's Secondary School, St. Albans.
- Holmes, Pamela. Civil Service, Cheltenham.
- Johnson, Kathleen A. Nursing at Chertsey Hospital.
- Johnson, Kathleen C. Leek College of Further Education.
- Knight, Elizabeth. A bank in Burton.
- Malbon, Kathleen. Teaching at Cellarhead Secondary Modern School.
- Martin, Shirley. West Midlands Trustee Savings Bank, Stafford.
- Matthews, Annette. Burton Hospital.
- McClure, Valerie. County Library, Newcastle.
- Mellor, Dyls. Junior Clerk with Messrs. Tatton, Mayfield.
- Miller, Janice. Clerk at Elkes' factory.
- Minnikin, Judyth. S.R.N.
- Morton, Barbara. Westminster Bank, Uttoxeter.
- Parker, Jean. Nursing at Hammersmith Hospital.
- Phillips, Millicent. West Riding Permanent Supply Staff.
- Phillips, Pauline. A Sister at St. George's Hospital, London.
- Phillips, Susan. Public Library, East Retford.
- Pointon, Ann. Retford Training College.
- Pointon, June. Clerk, Berry Hill (Engineers) Ltd.
- Punchard, Carol. Stafford College of Further Education.
- Pyatt, Brenda. County Library, Cheadle branch.
- Ryder, Allison. Stafford College of Further Education.
- Smith, Dorothy J. S.R.N. Is going to America.
- Smith, Gillian. Stafford College of Further Education.
- Smith, Margaret. Totley College of Domestic Science.
- Taberner, Gillian. Physiotherapy Course, Q. Elizabeth Hospital, Birmingham.

- Taberner, Dorothy. Teaching Speech and Drama at Horninglow Secondary Modern School.
- Tubbs, Cynthia. Burton Technical College.
- Turland, Patricia. In the laboratory of Messrs. Beswick, Stoke.
- Tyers, Christine. Burton Technical College.
- Walker, Gillian. Barclay's Bank, Longton.
- Wallis, Denise. District Bank, Longton.
- Wallis, Linda. Lycée Français de Londres.
- Ward, Olga. Padgate Training College.
- Warren, Rita. Wolverhampton College of Technology.
- West, Barbara. Shelton College of Commerce.
- Whittaker, Freda (Mrs. Jenkins). Junior English Mistress at the T. P. Riley School, Walsall.
- Whitwham, Gwen. Birmingham College of Food and Domestic Arts.
- Wolfenden, Celia. Civil Service, Inland Revenue, Burton.
- Woodward, Mary. Leicester College of Domestic Science.
- Woolley, Ann. Uttoxeter Post Office—Telephones.
- Worsdale, Marian. Has gained the University of London Diploma in Dramatic Art. She was the runner-up for the Ben Greet Cup for the best practical work by a first year teacher-student at the Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Art.

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- The Girls' High School, Burton-on-Trent.
- Brownhills High School.
- Burton Technical High School.

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC SOLUTION

1. H A L T
2. ATMOSPHERE
3. L E A R
4. FRIGIDARIUM